

2Pac Lyrics

"Representin '93"

"I got a head, but ain't no screws in it"

Roll up and get swell up, hold up
How ya gonna play me like a sunkin dunkin donut?
I ain't came a long way to get checked
So give me respect when I get wreck
Or get your motherfuckin chin checked
Once again, it's your friend outta Oakland
Hoping I can rock the shit to get ya open
Say your looking for some real shit
Then catch a funkified batch
Like that!
Oakland's on the map
2Pac is on the big screen strivin
Gotta love a nigga for survivin
I wear alot of old schools jewels
Look how the fools drool, ooohh
Stop lookin at me hard cause you're buffer
But I'll just buck them bigger motherfuckers
Turnin men to suckers
Niggas wanna start a little ruckus
Better duck cause I'll be poppin' them motherfuckers
They wanna throw their hands up, that's tight
Hit em wit my eight, never had shit left, right
Then hit em wit the uppercut, duck quick
Shit outta luck, fucked and stuck with that rough shit
Fuck a pop song, fuck a video, fuck Arsenio, fuck the radio
Do you hear me though?
Give a holla to my niggas in the pen
And my murderous partners wit their Mac 10s
I represent the real cause I'm ill, G
Glock cocked the day they kill me
I'm representin'

Peace to Redman, Treach, Vin Rock, Kay Gee the great one
Mary J. Blige, Pete Rock and Troy, the late son
Heavy D, CL Smooth, and Queen Latifah
Too Short, Tony Toni Tone, LayLaw beat cuts
Ed, the special motherfucker and the Lover
The Tribe, A Tribe Called Quest, and Jungle Brothers
Das EFX, EPMD, and Ice Cube
House of Pain: funky blunted ass white dudes
Cypress Hill, yeah, the ill niggas
Digital Underground: my real niggas
Raw Fusion, Organized Konfusion
Wicked and the Mouse Man, Spice 1 and Pooh Man
TLC, Eric B., Rakim, then Scarface
Stretch, Maj, K-Low, pumpin the Squad's bass
Thorough Heads, Poonannynans, The Click
E-40, The Governor, and Richie Rich

Young Guns in the house pumpin the flava
DJ Ditch for their behavior
Off the head, my freestyle flow
Just a couple of motherfuckers that I know
I'm strictly representin

1 motherfucker, 2 motherfucker, 3 motherfuckers
Damn, who did I forget?

I'm a soulja, daddy was a soulja
Strong in the struggle
Must contend so it's on
Raised in a house full of bad motherfuckers
Mad motherfuckers
Never had so we grab from the stacked motherfuckers
Now they know me, the homies
Raised by some crazed ass well payed OG's
Ah shit!
Pulled up in a benz, snatch
The wheel as I peel out. Catch a cop's tail
Rock shells hit. Raise a fist so they know to make a hit
Can I flip it? I may get wicked as I rip it
To get specific: If the shoe fits, then kick it
It's for the gifted, pump your fist if you wit it
Here's your ticket to see Mr. Wicked rip shit
Now they wanna ban me (Told ya)
All I wanted to be was a soulja
Bang bang boogie, it's a stick up
Quit now, nigga, eat a dick up
Huh, I'm representin'

Thanks to jflo102000 for correcting these lyrics.

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